

SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM

Miss Gates Arrives in New York—Her Experiences Abroad—Glowing Reports of Miss Tout and Miss Ramsey—Mrs. Schettler Back from Europe.

Special Correspondence.

New York, Aug. 25.—Mrs. Susan Y. Gates arrived in Boston from Liverpool on the 21st and came on to New York the following day, where she remained over Sunday. Her mission has been a most successful one, and her new friends she can count on by the score. Her visit to Switzerland was marred somewhat by ill health, the weather on the continent being unusually raw for this season of the year, she contracted a severe cold, and was unable to participate in many of the excursions and receptions planned by her friends for her special entertainment. But she was sufficiently well to enjoy some of the delights that were showered upon her by the ladies of the church, who tried in every way to make her visit to their wonderful country a success. Prest. Lee Young of the Swiss mission came to Geneva as soon as he heard of her arrival and together they made a tour of the lake. Of course, a few moments were spent under the famous trees where Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote his famous books and every other noted place along the borders of the lake was walked and talked over, not forgetting "Castle Chillon," where both quoted Byron to their heart's content, echoing the poet's sentiments throughout the many places made sacred by him, and agreeing that "By heavenly feet thy paths are trod" was not only true of that charming place, but of every other foot of land around Lake Geneva. Time would not permit a stay in Paris, but in London many home faces were to be seen. Prest. F. M. Lyman, who is looking well and is in excellent health, was first to greet the traveler, Mrs. F. M. Lyman with Elders Reese and Moech, returned with Mrs. Gates on the New England. She met Elders Joseph and Tracy Cannon, the former of the Liverpool and the latter of the London conferences. Elder Joseph Cannon has taken up the work and management of the Millennial Star, and now it is said to have infused new blood and life, making it a first-class magazine. Elder Tracy Cannon is doing fine work in the missionary field, and incidentally doing a little music also.

Mrs. Gates had the opportunity of hearing Miss Nannie Tout and Emma Ramsey in London. Miss Ramsey has a flattering offer for the coming season at the "Opera Comique" Paris in which city she has elected to pursue her studies. Mrs. Gates is most enthusiastic over the abilities of both young ladies, and pronounces their voices wonderful. Miss Tout, she declares, is undoubtedly a coming star in Wagnerian roles, while Miss Ramsey can only be compared to our own incomparable Lavinia Careless, in the richness and mellowness of her tones, her voice being adapted to oratorio and the glorious field it opens up to one endowed with such a rare gift. At present, Utah has her share of talent in the world of music, London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna being the four cities, where several of our young people have decided to make their homes for some time. Mrs. Gates will visit Mrs. May Whirlwright, president of the International Council, at her home in Indianapolis, and make her reports, then go direct home, where she takes up her duties in the Provo academy.

Mr. Ellihu Call, of Brigham City, now a resident of this city, will have a small part in the singing comedy, "The Country Girl," that will occupy Daly's Theater all the coming season, under the management of Duff. Mr. Call is making good progress in his studies, and is a favorite in the company, where he has been given several responsible positions.

For those who are planning a trip to New York, and are limited for time, there is a way to see this great city for little money, and in a most agreeable way too. As in all large cities, the coach and six, are in demand at this time of the year, and an imposing sight it is to see the immense vehicle carrying 20 or 30 people, with the lecturer standing in the center of the coach, and the ribbons gracefully and skillfully managed by an expert whip, pointing out every house and object that would interest a traveler. The coach leaves its depot at Thirty-third street near Broadway, at 10 a. m. and for six hours there is a continual feast for eye and ear, the charge being \$1.50 for the round trip; the drive through the park, and

from Grant's tomb, down Riverside is well worth the money.

Miss Ellen Clark, who was mentioned in last week's letter, as being permitted to explain away some of the disagreeable impressions made by Mrs. Elliot (or Ellis, forget which name is correct) in her lecture against the "Mormons" at Chautauqui, was not allowed to speak after all. Dr. Vincent saying they had decided there was but one side to the "Mormon" question, and that had been presented by Mrs. Elliot. But minded people will find an equal surprise and contempt for such a narrow decision, and to those who are so blindly prejudiced, it would be waste of breath and words to labor with.

The many relatives and friends of Mrs. James Ferguson, will be pained to learn of her serious sickness. While spending the month of August at Astor park, with her family, she suddenly taken ill, with a complication of diseases, and so severe was the attack, her life was in danger for several days. She is now convalescing, and will be able to return home in a week or so.

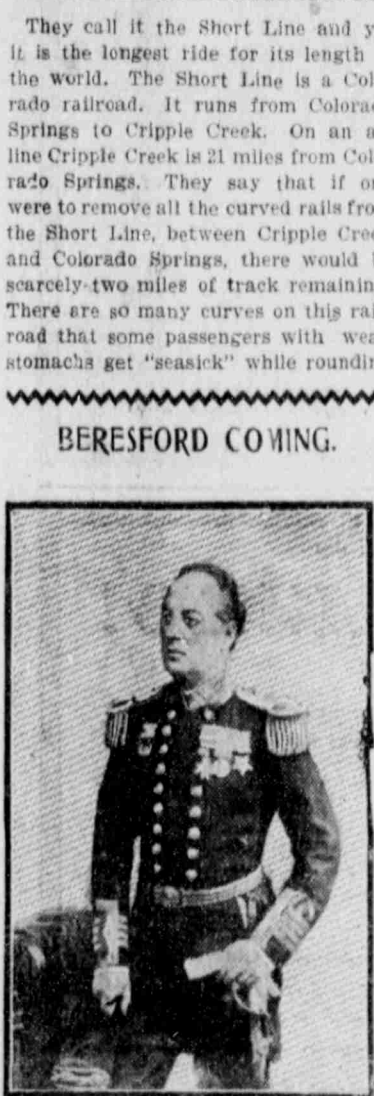
Every home paper is eagerly scanned for news of "Corianton," and it is surprising to see the interest manifested by managers here, who follow the progress of the piece, and the work of the several New York actors. That it has made a hit at home is a matter of congratulation to all concerned, and the hope is universal, that New York will see the production the coming winter. The theaters here are beginning to wake up. Every day fresh arrivals from Europe are scheduled in the papers, and the outlook is bright for musical and dramatic treats.

Mr. E. H. Eastmond, who has been a student of the Pratt Institute for several years, is now about to return home, having been offered a good position in one of the leading academies. He will be accompanied by his grandmother, Mrs. E. B. Eastmond, and his aunt, Miss Mary Eastmond; they are due in Salt Lake Sept. 15. He will teach weaving, along with other branches of art, in manual training. For the last six weeks he has been employed in the New York academy, being the only teacher in manual training of art weaving. Being asked why he did not remain in the East, where he has had over half a dozen good offers for the year's work, he replied to the writer, in the words of Longfellow: "Art is a gift of God, and must be used to his honor and glory," and he believes that he will be more in the line of his duty, lab. sing among his own people, endeavoring to assist them towards perfection in this beautiful study. Mr. Eastmond has not been idle in church duties; he has done good missionary work, and assisted the Elders in every way; he has been choir leader here for two years, and leaves a fine record in the Brooklyn conference.

At Sunday services of the Latter-day Saints, the well known face of Robert Morris of Salt Lake was seen. He arrived Sunday morning, and will remain two or three days, then leave for Boston, where he has business for his firm, the Rowe, Morris and Summerhays Co. Two Elders from England on their way home, were also present, Alfred B. Chambers, and H. Wallace Boden, who have been laboring in the Lancashire, and Manchester conferences. At the monthly Relief society meeting, held Sunday evening, on Twenty-third street, Mrs. Bernard Schettler, and son, were present. Mrs. Schettler came over on the boat with Mrs. Gates, having spent the summer in Germany, and Germany, with her son Herman, who has just completed a mission in Germany, and is now to take up the study of music. It was delightful to hear her speak of the year in Germany, whose names are so familiar to all Salt Lake. Hugh Dougal, Spencer Clawson, Jr., Frank Thatcher and wife and Hugh Cannon, and very gratifying to their relatives here it was to learn of the good work they are all doing. Mrs. Schettler is looking and feeling well; she has had a most enjoyable time, visiting relatives and friends. Her son Herman's mission has been a most successful one, and his ability as a musician of a high order. He is only another of the Salt Lake boys who yet he heard from.

On Sunday in the Latter-day Saints' chapel a very interesting service was held. At the request of Prest. McQuarrie Mrs. Susan Young Gates made a short speech full of interest, and H. C. Easton sang in his best style. The meeting was a delightful one and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. JANET.

AS CROOKED AS A SNAKE.



BERESFORD COMING.

Lord Charles Beresford has announced his intention of coming to America to study the latest ship-building methods. The visit will take place in the very near future. Above is the latest picture of the famous British sailor.

They call it the Short Line and yet it is the longest ride for its length in the world. The Short Line is a Colorado railroad. It runs from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek. On an air line Cripple Creek is 21 miles from Colorado Springs. They say that if one were to remove all the curved rails from the Short Line, between Cripple Creek and Colorado Springs, there would be scarcely two miles of track remaining. There are so many curves on this rail, road that some passengers with weak stomachs get "seasick" while rounding

them. On a long train on the Short Line the conductor, in the rear coach, oftentimes carries on a conversation with the engineer in the locomotive ahead. Of course, he has to talk while the train is rounding curves. On these occasions, frequently, the engine is going in one direction, while the rear end of the train is going in the other. It's all on account of the curves.

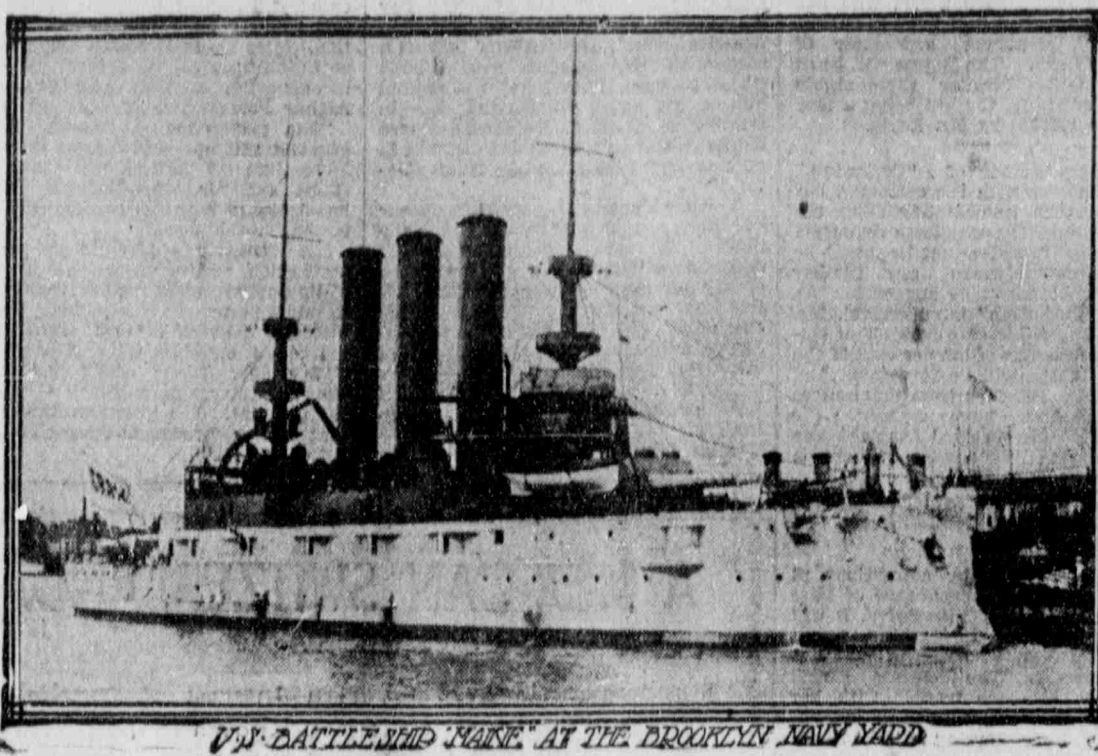
When one sees the Short Line—all of it—he wonders how any engineer, no matter how much of a genius he may have been, ever conceived the idea of building a railroad over that part of the Rocky mountains. Leaving Colorado Springs, the road makes a gradual ascent and in order to reach the top of the mountain by the shortest possible route (the rail the Short Line does nothing but curve up one side and down the other.

When the train gets by Manitou and begins really to climb, the passengers begin to enjoy the scenery. The curves are declared wonderful. A few more miles are traversed, a few more curves are rounded and the train continues to go up, up, up. Then there is more climbing and more curves, more tunnels, more canyons, more tunnels and the passenger, who was at first surprised and then amazed, is now awe-stricken.

All he does is to look from the car window, ejaculate with such words as "grand," "remarkable," "wonderful," and "beautiful," and gasp in absolute astonishment. It is not all hill-climbing on the Short Line. If it were this "shortest route" to Cripple Creek would be several miles longer than it really is. The engineer realized that there were some hills he couldn't get over with a mogul, so he built tunnels.

There are nine of them on the Short Line, most of them long ones, and when the train is going through one, which stands from 500 to 1,000 feet above terra firma.

When the passenger gets 18 miles from Colorado Springs and still sees that city, looking up as a grand picture in the distance, he marvels, but when he gets directly over Cripple Creek, about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, he is astonished, and when he looks down on the thriving mining camp and asks if "we are to reach it in about ten minutes," and when the brakeman tells him it "will be two



Great interest attaches to the official trial trip of the United States battleship "Maine," which takes place on the Cape Ann course Aug. 31. The battleship is declared to be "a beauty." She is a successor of the ill-fated vessel which was blown up in Havana Harbor. Above is the first snapshot of the new vessel showing her as she looks in her completed condition.

hours before we reach the depot at Cripple.

From the summit of the Rockies, on the Short Line, Cripple Creek seems to be within walking distance, but don't try it. It's 12 miles away by the regular path and the man who walks it, unless he has a bottle of 3-year-old Bourbon in his pistol pocket, is liable to suffer.

It's a wonderful thing, this first view of Cripple Creek from the Short Line. The town looks like one of those villages painted on canvas. It is like a picture without a frame. Then, after the first view and as the train begins to wind around the curves, getting farther down the mountain and closer and closer to the city itself, the town grows larger, objects can be seen plainly, men and women who appeared as specks from the mountain top begin to look like boys and girls. Then, they get larger and larger (from your standpoint), and when the train reaches the last track and the bottom, and the houses are seen in their real sizes, instead of appearing as doll houses and dog shanties, and the people, instead of resembling pygmies, look as big as they really are, the passengers gasp for the seventy-fifth time and all join in one unanimous decision, "What a really remarkable road the Short Line is!"

W. S. Stratton, the carpenter who became a millionaire when he found gold at Cripple Creek, is the principal owner of the Short Line. In fact, Stratton owns about everything one sees about Cripple Creek and Colorado Springs. He owns the street railways, most of the paying gold mines and has a dip into many of the other paying investments in the "new country." Stratton is a

good fellow. When anyone is in need in Cripple Creek or the Springs, Stratton is generally the "friend indeed." Stranded theatrical companies have "found" him so often that he has given strict instructions to his house servants to say that he is not "at home" in the event that the caller looks like a "busted" comedian or comedienne. But he has established this rule simply because he doesn't like the idea of being "worked." He still dispenses charity in a lavish way and recently he gave to the city of Colorado Springs a public park, getting in return the honor of having the creating spot named for him. People in Denver, who have heard of the charitable instincts of the owner of the Short Line, are trying to induce him to buy the Brown Palace hotel. He holds a mortgage on it. Children's homes and rescue societies can always depend upon him. Not long ago he gave a "mining exchange" building to the brokers in Colorado Springs.

But Stratton, whatever he may do in the future, will never accomplish so remarkable a thing as he did in building the Cripple Creek Short Line, the longest short line in the world. The Short Line is a wonder, more wonderful than Pike's Peak, the Garden of the Gods or the Colorado butte.

People travel over Colorado and marvel at the railroad building, but when they reach the Short Line and get back to the Springs they're ready to go home. Someone might tell them that there are more remarkable things in Colorado—and a Missourian might ask to be shown—but the average man will let wonderful enough alone—he'll just take a chance and save his money—Kansas City Journal.

A STORY OF FAITHFULNESS.

In the baggage car of one of the Union Pacific overland trains going east not long ago were two dogs that have a story.

They were the usual little shaggy sheep dog that helps the herder keep up his band of sheep, and every trainman paid his respects to the dogs, in carriages or snatched walks, or food, because of all men trainmen appreciate fidelity.

It was last December during the blizzard. A week before a strange man, handsome, reserved and very shabby, applied to the foreman for sheep as sheep herder.

Men were scarce and the foreman, used to reading a man's history in his face, looked him over, and thought he read some calamity written all over him. He asked him: "Think you know what herding sheep in the winter time means?" "I have no experience and no references, it that is what you mean, but I want work and I think I can get the idea if these men can," he replied, patiently.

The foreman told him it was "more experience than idea," but gave him a band of sheep and two of the best dogs, thinking, "what the man don't know the dogs do," and wondering openly to the men, "what the poor devil's done."

The man had no money and had to

THE NEW FIELD UNIFORM.



ADM. GEN. H. C. CORBIN



MAJ. GEN. YOUNG

As the representatives of the United States at the big German military maneuvers Gen. H. C. Corbin and Maj. Gen. Young are being made much of by Kaiser Wilhelm. The above exclusive snapshots show how the American generals look in the new field dress they will wear at the German military reception.

be trusted for warmer clothing, and even for tobacco. He went with his band of sheep and the two dogs and traveled with the "wagon," but he kept to himself. He came in silent and reserved and, as much as possible, he ate by himself.

The only friends he made were his two sheep dogs. Driving his sheep along the great divide, he talked and talked to the dogs, shared his meals with them and slept with them, for sheep and dumb beasts have no humanity.

The country is peculiarly wild and broken and food is scant and the sheep spread and cover a good amount of territory in feeding. The weather had been cold but clear until the snow came suddenly, whirling and thick.

The most experienced herder would have had a few stiff hours getting up his band. Moody looked for a sheltered place, and went to examine a protected mesa, choosing it as a safe place in the storm he saw was coming.

But the snow had fallen so thick the whole landscape was new under its white, obliterating cloak. He could not see his sheep. He called to the dogs. He hurried along the ridge, straining his eyes into the falling curtain of snow. Another herder on his way to his wagon met him and Moody told him anxiously that he had become separated from his sheep.

"Better come along to the wagon and get help. We'll find the sheep in the morning," the herder urged. "No, I'm going to find the sheep. If I can't take care of a band of sheep it's time for me to get out," and Moody walked away, calling the dogs, while the herder went on to the wagon and supper and warmth.

Before morning the blizzard of cutting snow that many a herder will never forget was swirling and howling over the mountains.

The old herder knew how to meet it, camping where it found him, waiting, for they knew the violent storm passes quickly. After the storm the sheep were driven up. Moody's band was found huddled up in the snow and came in safely. It meant hard work for the other men.

The herder who had met Moody in the storm repeated what he had said, "that if he couldn't keep up a band of sheep it was time for him to get out. He had food and the dogs were gone, too, and it was taken for granted that Moody had gone back to civilization, and the foreman received a stiff rap against the "tenderfoot."

Two weeks later one of the herders came along the ridge where Moody was last seen, and reported to the men at the wagon that wolves were howling in one of the gulches. The snow was still drifted, but two men went out with guns after the wolves. They tramped over the ledge, but heard no wolves, nor could they find any tracks other than of deer.

They were following a trail, when they heard a low howl behind a rock to the left and went around to investigate. In the snow were two dogs. They scratched weakly and whined around a mound.

"Hello, Moody's dogs," one of the men exclaimed, as they came close. Moody's face looked up at them from an opening scratched in the snow—dead. The dogs had kept the snow all the two weeks since the man perished in the unfamiliar wilds. Starving and half frozen, they would not leave their friend, though they knew the way to the wagon, and home was not far away.

In the spring a letter came for Moody. He had been buried on the mountain, but the letter might contain a clue to his people and the foreman opened it.

It was a long letter. What it contained he never told, but the letter was from the dead man's wife and his name was not Moody.

The letter was answered and soon money and a request that the dogs might be sent to the wife came. So the two dogs were passengers in the baggage car of the Union Pacific Overland—Helen Grey, in Ranch News.

THE LITTLE FARMERS.

One does not commonly associate farming operations with city life, but more and more attention is being devoted to the subject by philanthropic workers. The encouraging of the poor to cultivate the land in the suburbs is recognized by charity workers as a most useful field of endeavor, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. The great trouble is that the poor of the tenement district know little about the soil or how to till it. To instill this knowledge of agriculture and encourage the natural interest of the young in growing things is one object of the National Plant club, this farm branch of which has been established at De Witt Clinton park, on the bank of the North river at the foot of Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets.

The work of transforming a bit of dumping ground covered with bricks, stones, garbage, etc., into a "farm" is due to the efforts of Mrs. Henry Parsons, school inspector of the Eleventh district. She takes the keenest interest in the children and their work, and looks upon the experiment as a thorough success. The other day Mrs. Parsons pointed out to a visitor an enclosed piece of ground, measuring about 150 by 80 feet, in which were four beds of equal size, with a fine flower plot in the center.

"This transformation is not due entirely to the children," she said. "Park Commissioner Wilcox, through Supt. Thomas F. Murphy, and Head Gardener Olsen of Central park, had much to do with it, and are entitled to unstinted praise. But these little boys and girls, pointing to groups of children numbering nearly 200, 'have worked like beavers. They filled carts

with stones, bricks and garbage and carted them away. Why the land was in such bad shape that there was not a park department plot that could turn over the ground. One had to be borrowed specially for the purpose. That ugly looking plot has been transformed into a well planned and fertilized field fit for farming, and, with the aid of the city, we have inaugurated a system of drainage and installed sufficient hydrants for irrigation purposes."

Mrs. Parsons' aim is wholly educational. The farm isn't any more for the poor children than for the rich, and there is nothing philanthropic about her plans. She considered it a useful field of educational work worthy of encouragement by the city.

Each of the four plots contains 25 spots for planting, each having a sign posted over it and the children have numbers to correspond. The youthful "farmers" are showing plenty of zeal and interest in the scheme. Head Gardener Olsen is giving the children lessons and teaching them how to raise beans, corn lettuce, peas, radishes and other products of the farm and truck garden.

BIG DAY AT

Lagoon, LABOR DAY,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.,

It's the closing day of the Season, and the Federation of Labor and Building Trades Council will hold their OFFICIAL CELEBRATION of the day there.

TRAINS LEAVE—7:00, 9:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30 p.m.

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WILEY B. CORBITT,
June 28, 1902, 609 South 1st St., W.

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